



ALL IN

13+
TEEN 76

CATWOMAN™



**Out of
the Past!**

GRØNBEKK
DELPECHE

SHAPED BY LOSS. POWERED BY GENIUS. DRIVEN TO BE TERRIFIC.

MR. **T**ERRIFIC **#1**

YEAR ONE



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SIX-ISSUE
MINISERIES
MAY

Discover the thrilling
secrets and triumphs
of Mr. Terrific, from
award-winning writer
AL LETSON
and superstar artist
**VALENTINE
DE LANDRO**,
plus sequences drawn by
EDWIN GALMON



tokyo, 27 hours ago.

There was something there--

behind Anton--



Someone.

CATWOMAN:
NEVER LET THEM SMELL BLOOD PART 2

TORUNN GRØNBEKK SCRIPT PATRICIO DELPECHE ART & COLORS STEVE WANDS LETTERS SEBA FIUMARA COVER
FRANK CHO & SABINE RICH INHYUK LEE VARIANT COVERS W. SCOTT FORBES 1:25 VARIANT COVER FRANK CHO & SABINE RICH 1:50 VARIANT COVER
JAMES REID ASSISTANT EDITOR ARIANNA TURTURRO EDITOR ROB LEVIN GROUP EDITOR



now.

The smell of
saltwater.

Old wood and
leather polish.



Isopropyl
alcohol.



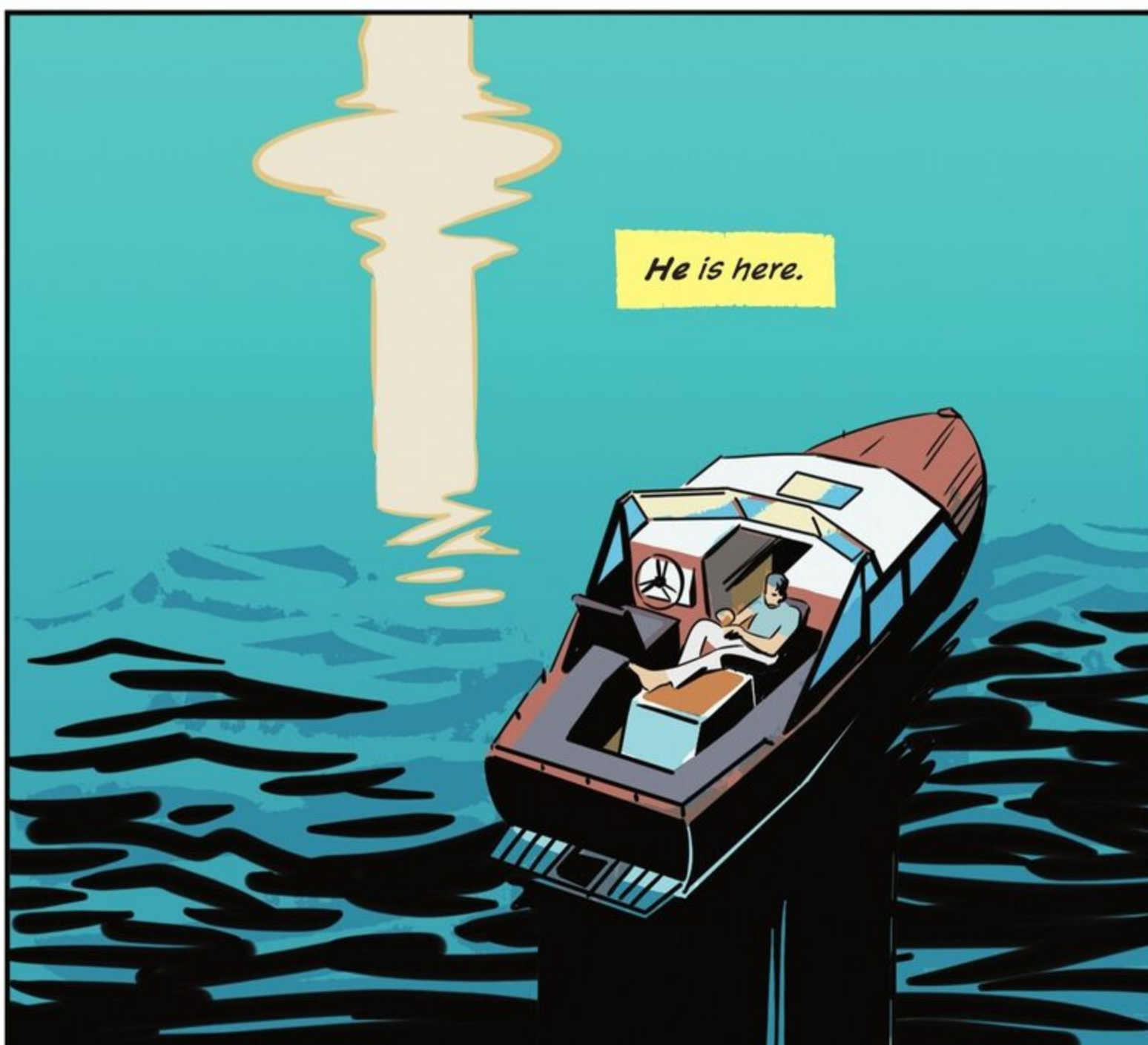
The old engine
runs smoothly
somewhere
beneath her.



And the sound of a precise
knife peeling thin layers of
wood lingers in the air.



I am safe
then, she
thinks.



He is here.





Of trust--

Oh
YOU--

Of loyalty.

UGHH--

CLICK

Love.



You



Aghh--



You're in way over your head, Evie. Just hand over the package--



Stop!





Plan B,
Evie. I must
deal with
this.

Run.
Find *Sugar*,
get out of
here.



Come
with me.

I'm not
leaving
Dewey. Go.
Now.

*Run
first.*



*Questions
later.*



*We always
had a backup
plan.*

Everyone!
*Plan B! Go
now!*



Shota?

*As I
ran--*



I could picture Frankie and Long John casually breaking away from the gala.

All right. We're leaving. Target is still dancing. All looks well.



Laughing and flirting, looking for all the world to see like lovers sneaking away to a room somewhere.



Suzy, terrified, packing up--

Following the plan.



And Sugar, ever the professional, not missing a beat.



Just you?

Yes. Go.



But I was.

Go. Safehouse!

Missing beats.







Why?
After all these
years?

Mhm.



What?

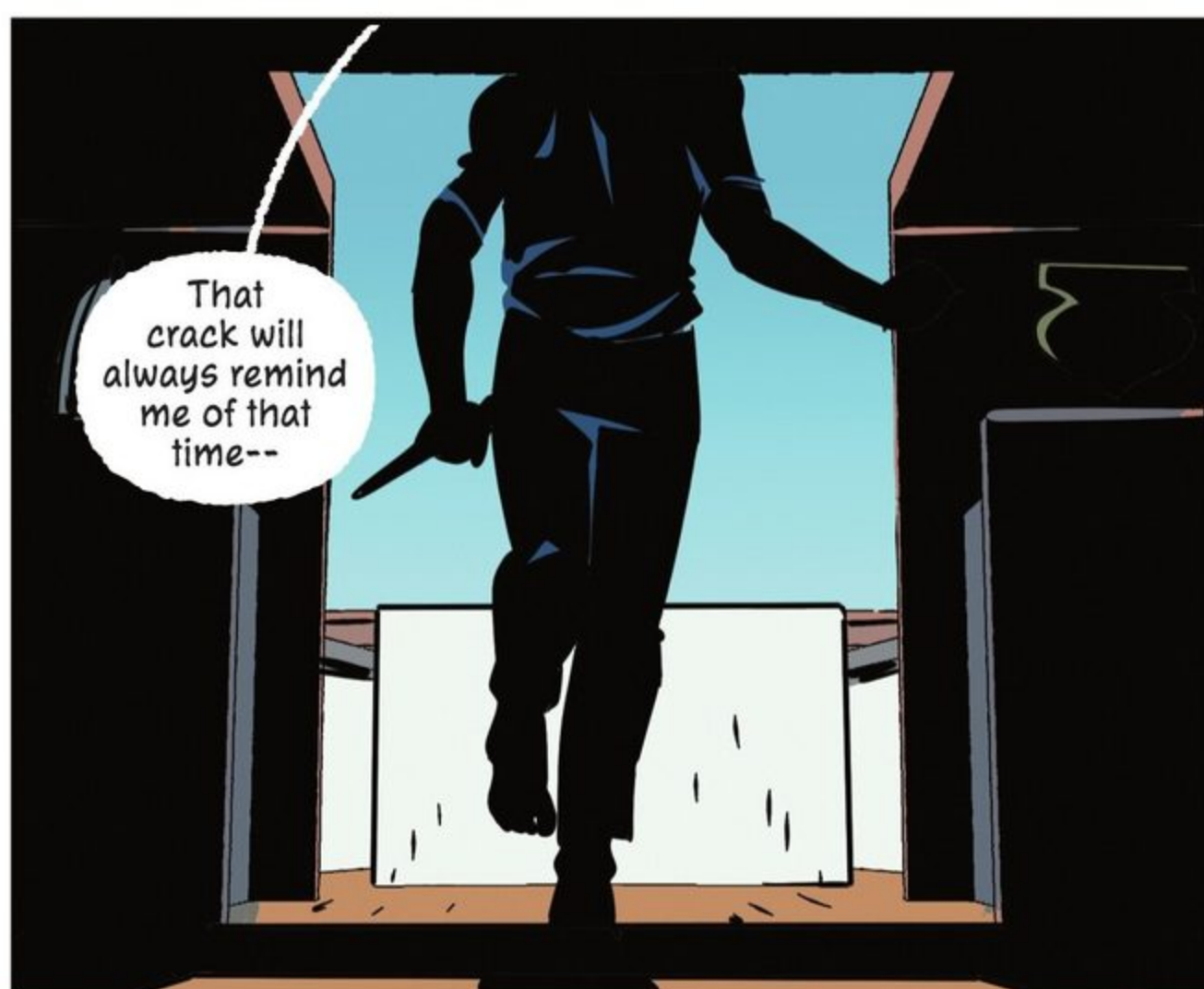
Honesty
will annoy
you.

--and you
still have my
scissors.



CHAK

Ah, look at
that. Now I
can never sell
this boat...



That
crack will
always remind
me of that
time--



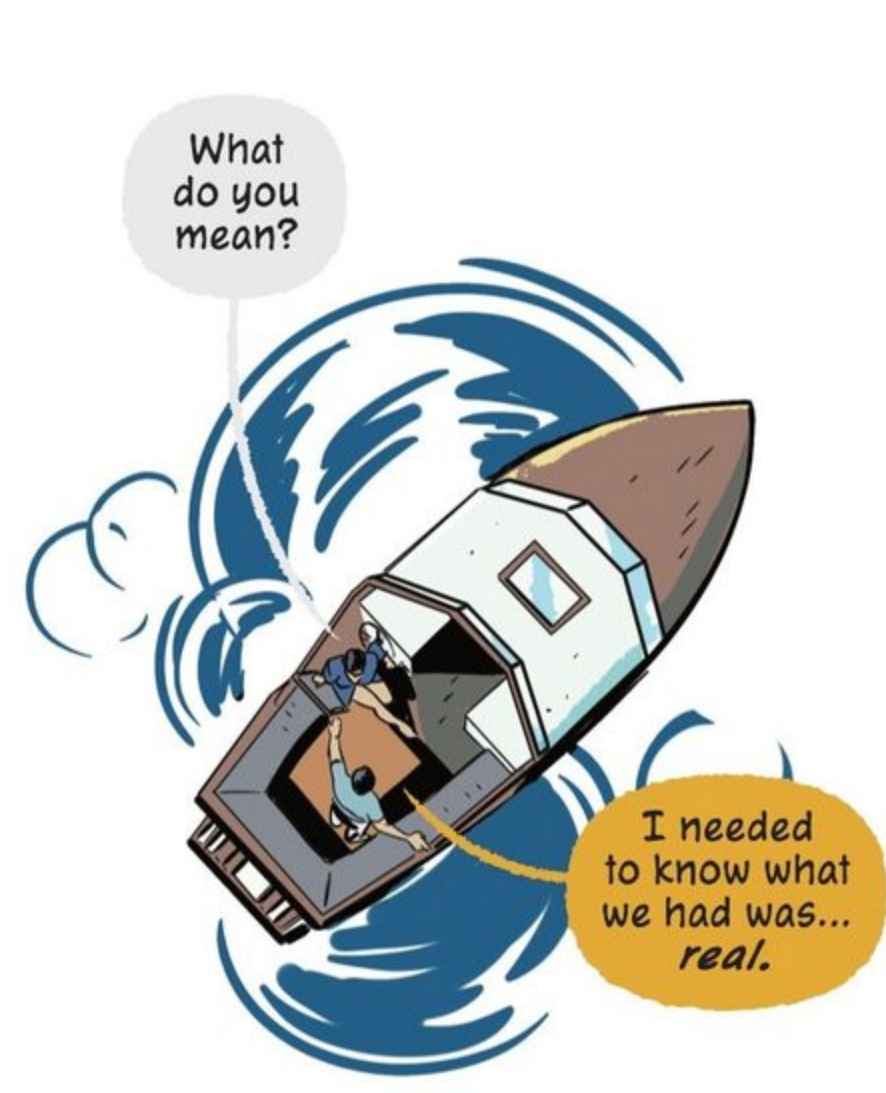
--Selina
Kyle graced
me with her
presence.



How long have you known *that* name?

Since you left.

I suppose I needed to know that I had not lost my mind.



What do you mean?

I needed to know what we had was... *real*.



So, I needed to know that you had a reason.

Old guilt rushes back.



And with it, anger and excuses.

If it makes you feel better--

It was almost impossible to find you.



Then how did *they* find me?

So the coward in her turns the conversation.



Probably the same way I did.

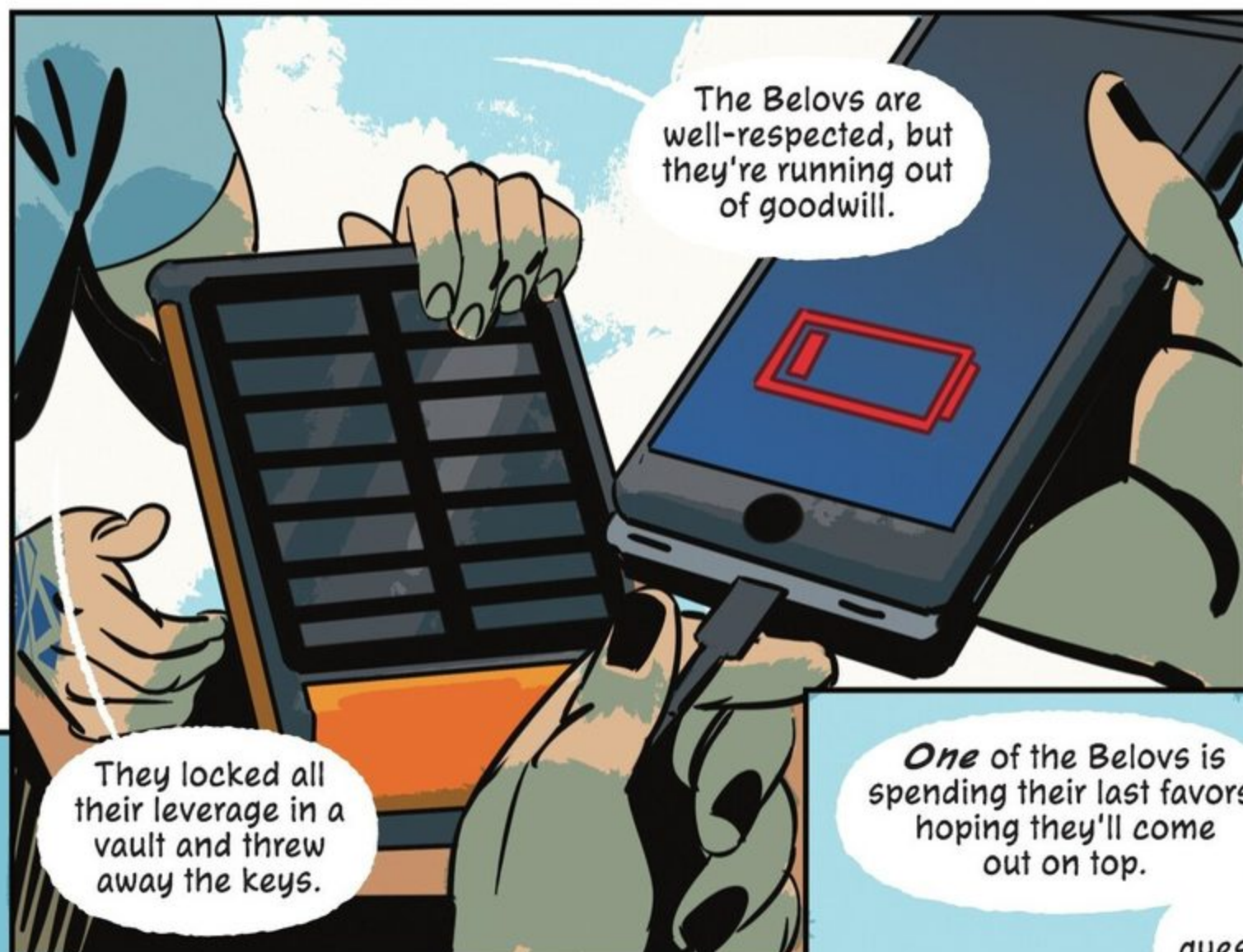
The Belovs have deep ties all over the globe--

But they are old world. Ancient underworld.



I'm sure you've felt the shift over the last decade or so.

The Old World is losing hold...so the remaining players are tightening their grip.



The Belovs are well-respected, but they're running out of goodwill.

They locked all their leverage in a vault and threw away the keys.



Not literally, of course, but the brothers haven't been in the same room since Theodore's funeral.

It has not gone unnoticed.

This is a play--



One of the Belovs is spending their last favors, hoping they'll come out on top.

The question is, I suppose--



Why would I stand in the way of that? Why are they trying to kill me?

Mhm.

What happened that night...After we parted?



It takes about fourteen hours to drive from Saint-Tropez to Budapest.



95-E10
excellium
DIESEL
DIESEL

More if you change cars and identities along the way.

Hours and hours to think.

I'm fine, Shota. I'll see you tomorrow.



Evie was an easy birth. A bottle of bleach, a few lies... Some parts softened, some hardened, some ignored.

She was almost me.



You don't think about the cost of living a lie as it's happening...

The parts of you that corrode along the way, almost imperceptibly.



The parts you push down underwater---

--until they scream for air.



But I hadn't thought about what would happen when I had to leave her behind.

Stay there.
As long as you're safe,
Suzy.

Evie was loved.



*And she was almost me.
Almost.*

No, I'm fine.
I'm still in France, but I'm heading to Hungary now.

I'll call you when I'm there.



Yet not entirely.



Not enough.



I'm in Paris.
You know the place. Please join me.

What was it again? Platypus?
Does that work for me, too?

Please, Evie.

I hadn't decided what to do when I got there.

I was looking for certainty--

I hadn't decided what to do when I got there.

I was looking for certainty--

A comic book panel featuring a black dog named Brutus. Brutus is looking up with wide, curious eyes at a hand holding a large, pink, fleshy object. A speech bubble from the hand says: "Hey there, Brutus. I brought you something." The background is a bright yellow-orange color with some white lines suggesting light or motion. The style is a classic comic book illustration with bold lines and flat colors.



I was looking for a reason to stay--

How could you do this without consulting us, Father?!

I have missed calls from half the French mob...and for *what?!?*



I think *Daddy-o* is acting on his feelings right now.

How dare you, Mitya?

knock knock



But then I heard his voice--

Gentlemen, Mrs. Belov is here.

Shota's voice.

And I knew I couldn't.

Hello, Mother.

It was a
small lie--



But it was
enough.



Ah.

You saw me there. I am so sorry.

It's all right. I kept secrets, too, after all.

I never lied about *this. Us.*

Shota knows that if she questions him--



He will tell her everything.

Me neither.

My offer still stands. If you wanted a new life--

RNGI
RNGI
RNGI
Evie? What's going on?
I'm freaking out...
Please answer me, Evie.



Suzy... She's worried.

Even after all these years.

You are hard to forget.

He almost wants her to.



Well, Evie was...

That's the thing, right?

You never really know what people love--

You or the character.





He does not tell her that in the hours before they were meant to meet all those years ago--

She was here. I thought you had *control* of her, Shota!



Evie was never mine to control, Mr. Belov.

--he watched Theodore lock the vault for the last time.



No?! That's the problem with your generation.

You lack *respect*. Just look at my damn--

He does not tell her about the poison in the old man's veins.



--m-m-my damn--

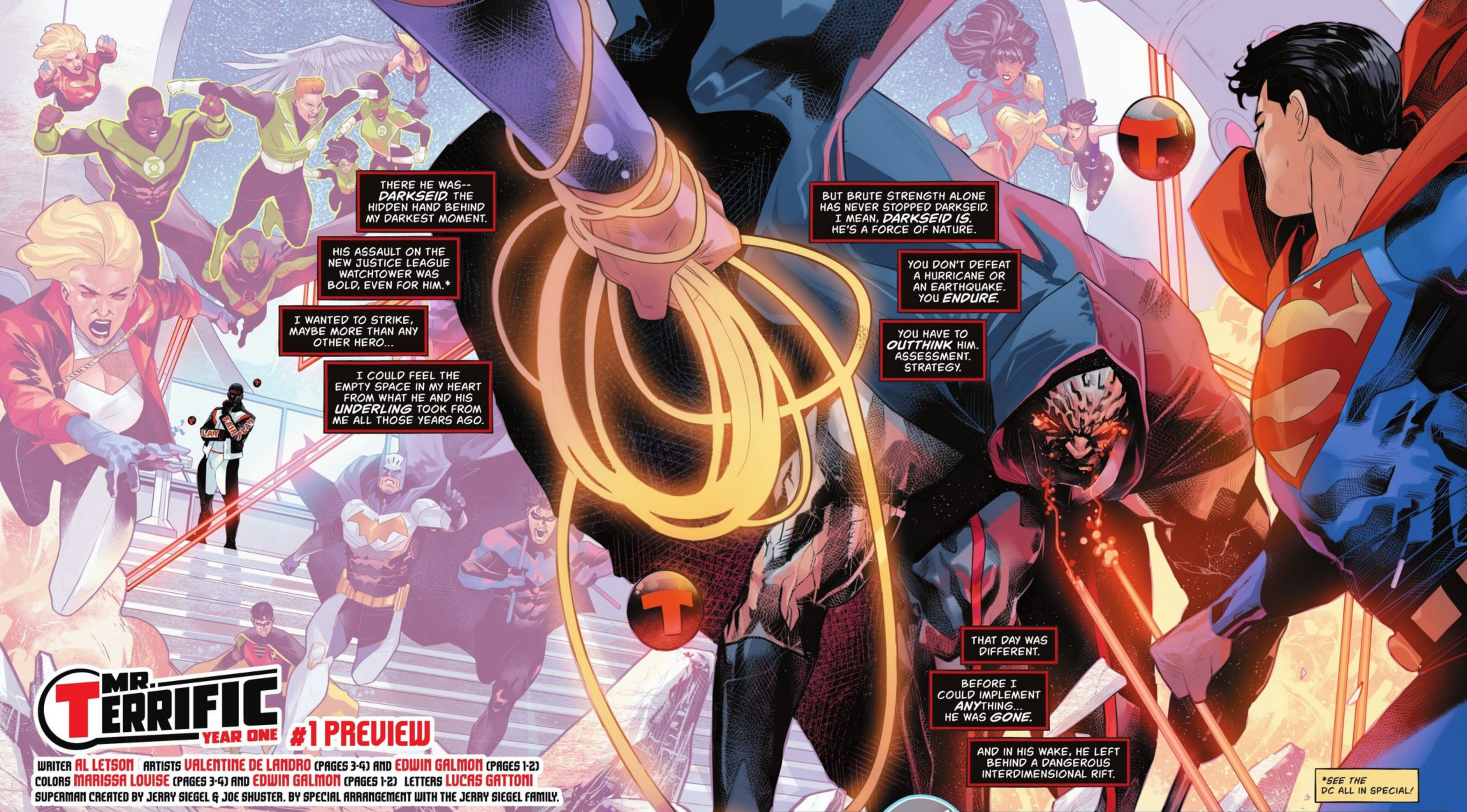
He does not tell her who watched with him--



Sons.

--as Theodore Belov died.

TO BE CONTINUED.



THERE HE WAS--
DARKSEID. THE
HIDDEN HAND BEHIND
MY DARKEST MOMENT.

HIS ASSAULT ON THE
NEW JUSTICE LEAGUE
WATCHTOWER WAS
BOLD, EVEN FOR HIM.*

I WANTED TO STRIKE,
MAYBE MORE THAN ANY
OTHER HERO...

I COULD FEEL THE
EMPTY SPACE IN MY HEART
FROM WHAT HE AND HIS
UNDERLING TOOK FROM
ME ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.

BUT BRUTE STRENGTH ALONE
HAS NEVER STOPPED **DARKSEID**.
I MEAN, **DARKSEID IS**.
HE'S A FORCE OF NATURE.

YOU DON'T DEFEAT
A HURRICANE OR
AN EARTHQUAKE.
YOU **ENDURE**.

YOU HAVE TO
OUTTHINK HIM.
ASSESSMENT.
STRATEGY.

THAT DAY WAS
DIFFERENT.

BEFORE I
COULD IMPLEMENT
ANYTHING...
HE WAS **GONE**.

AND IN HIS WAKE, HE LEFT
BEHIND A DANGEROUS
INTERDIMENSIONAL RIFT.

*SEE THE
DC ALL IN SPECIAL!

MR. TERRIFIC YEAR ONE #1 PREVIEW

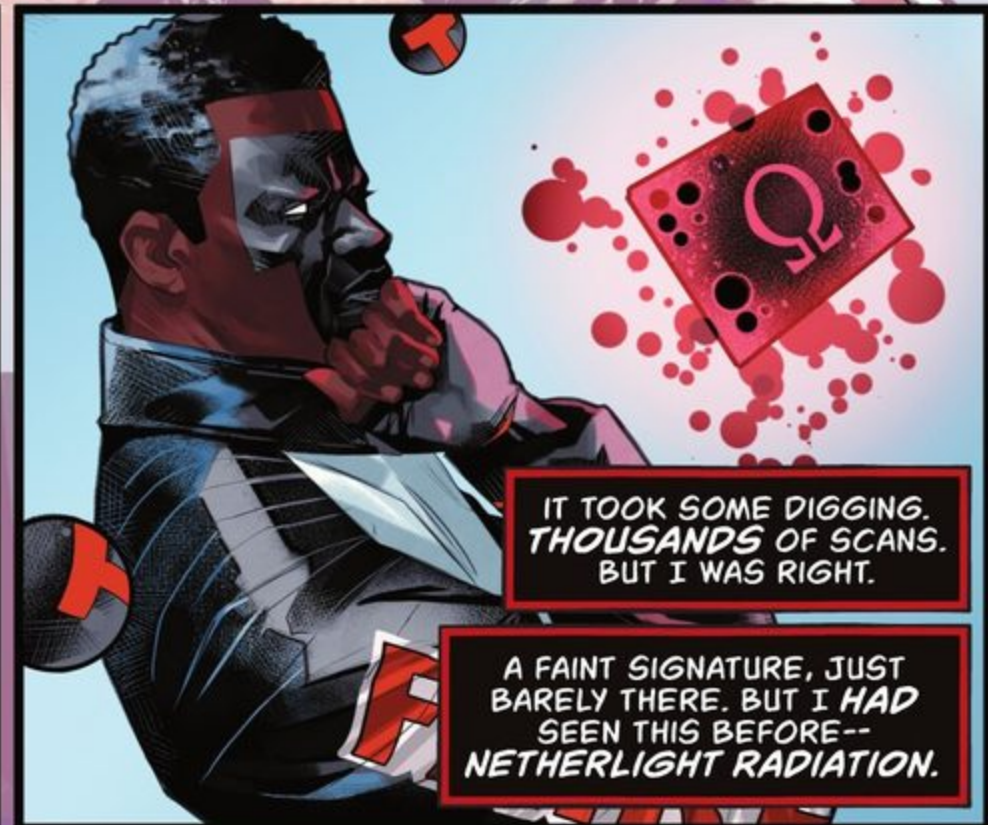
WRITER **AL LETSON** ARTISTS **VALENTINE DE LANDRO** (PAGES 3-4) AND **EDWIN GALMON** (PAGES 1-2)
COLORS **MARISSA LOUISE** (PAGES 3-4) AND **EDWIN GALMON** (PAGES 1-2) LETTERS **LUCAS GATTONI**
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER. BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.



YOU EVER KNOW SOMETHING
BEFORE YOU **KNOW**?

A THOUGHT IN
THE RECESSES
OF YOUR MIND.

I KNEW I'D
SEEN THIS
BEFORE.



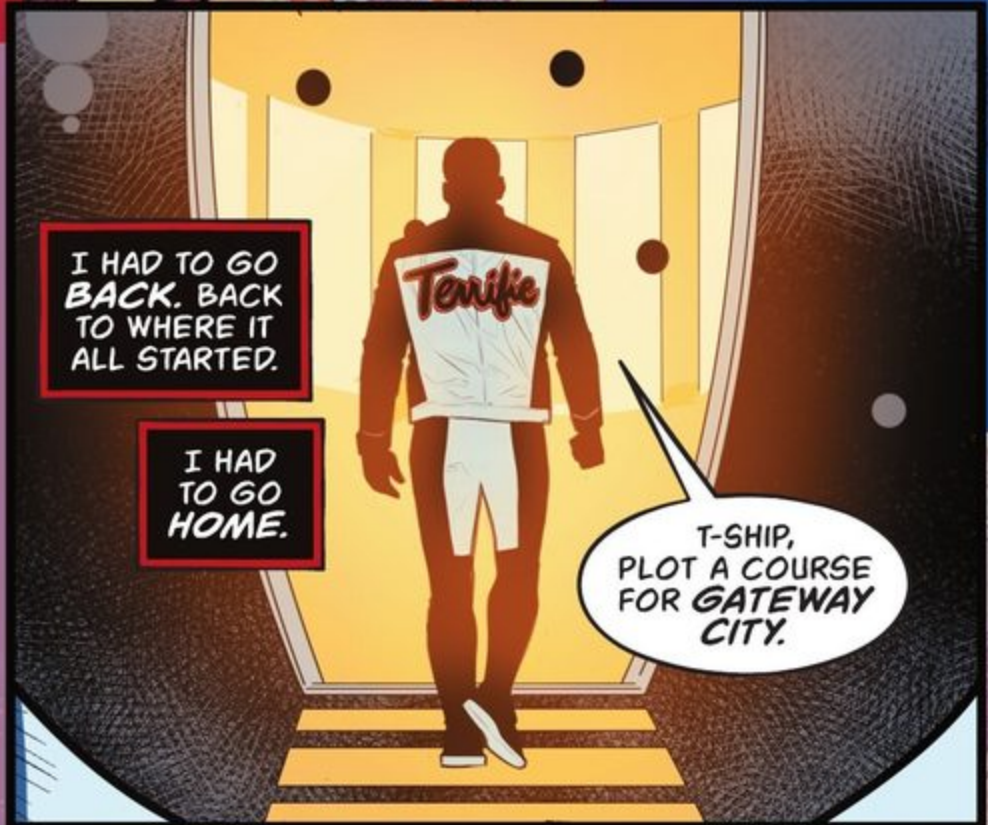
IT TOOK SOME DIGGING.
THOUSANDS OF SCANS.
BUT I WAS RIGHT.

A FAINT SIGNATURE, JUST
BARELY THERE. BUT I **HAD**
SEEN THIS BEFORE--
NETHERLIGHT RADIATION.



I'D ONLY SEEN IT
ONE OTHER PLACE.

AND THERE IT WAS AGAIN,
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...



I HAD TO GO
BACK. BACK
TO WHERE IT
ALL STARTED.

I HAD
TO GO
HOME.

T-SHIP,
PLOT A COURSE
FOR **GATEWAY
CITY**.





DUDE.



DRIVE!



YOU BROKE INTO ATHENA'S TOWER? ARE YOU CRAZY?

YOU SAID WE NEEDED PROOF! WE'VE BEEN PLANNING FOR MONTHS, BUT IT ALL FELL APART.

WHO IS WE?!



MY TEAM!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

THE ENGINE CUT ON AND I LOST THEM.



CAN THIS THING MOVE ANY FASTER?



HEH.

HEY, ETTA.

YES, MICHAEL?

SHOW 'EM WHATCHA GOT.

AS YOU WISH.



TO BE IN CONTINUED IN
**MR. TERRIFIC:
YEAR ONE #1**
ON SALE IN MAY!

ESSENTIAL COMICS STORIES BROUGHT TO LIFE AS
A WEEKLY PODCAST



HIGH VOL. BATMAN



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LISTEN EVERY WEDNESDAY

MR. TERRIFIC

YEAR ONE

ALL IN

INTERVIEW WITH AL LETSON

Prepare to uncover the untold story of one of DC's smartest heroes! Award-winning writer Al Letson takes us behind the scenes of *Mr. Terrific: Year One*, a thrilling new limited series that redefines Michael Holt's origin, explores his deepest struggles, and sets the stage for his future in the DC Universe.

Year One puts a fresh spin on Michael Holt's origin. What excited you most about redefining his journey?

The thing that attracted me to this story was the idea of getting behind the T, so to speak, and really understanding what makes Michael Holt tick. The original story takes place in *The Spectre*—it's a great story, but because it's not Mr. Terrific's book, there was so much left on the table. So picking up those threads that comics legends John Ostrander and Tom Mandrake laid down has been really fun.

The story jumps between Michael's early struggles and his present-day mission. How do these timelines connect in unexpected ways?

I was really focused on bringing Michael's life to a full-circle moment. I don't want to give too much away, but I wanted the stories about Mr. Terrific and the wider DC Universe to build to a moment where looking back at Michael's past was necessary to understand the present.

Michael is a genius, but he's also shaped by deep loss. How do you balance his intellect with his personal struggles, and who are key characters shaping his path?

I think we all have something we struggle with—that's the human condition. The key in life is to learn from it but not let it define us. Michael is on that journey, learning from loss

and trying to use it to make himself a better person. His wife Paula Holt, his best friend Dre Dingle, and his nemesis Athena Prescott all play a role in shaping Mr. Terrific 1.0.

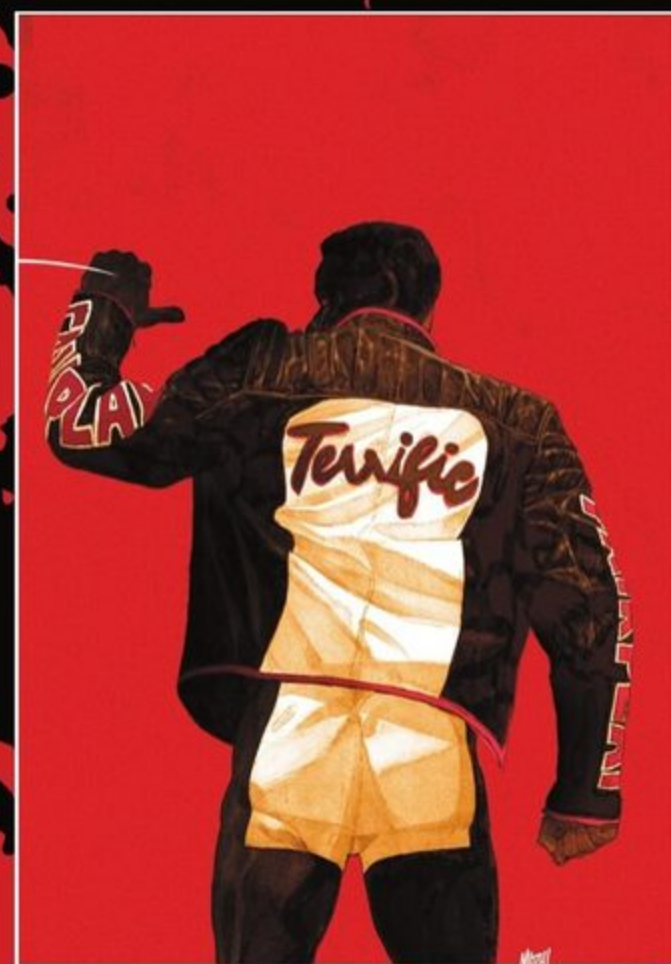
Athena Prescott is a formidable new antagonist in Michael Holt's story. What drives her, and how does her vision for Holt Industries put her at odds with Mr. Terrific?

Athena is ruthless. She's driven by power and the need to be in control. Michael thinks about the technology he creates in terms of what it can do for humankind. Athena thinks about technology in terms of what it can do for her, personally. She has no morals. She has no code. She can perform human behavior, but in fact she is as cold as all the lifeless technology she creates.

How has Valentine De Landro's art helped shape your vision for Year One?

Val has redefined my vision. Before we started working together, I could see what the pages looked like in my head. He exceeds my vision every time, so much so that there are no constraints on what I'm seeing on a page. Whatever it is, Val can do it—and do it better than I ever imagined.

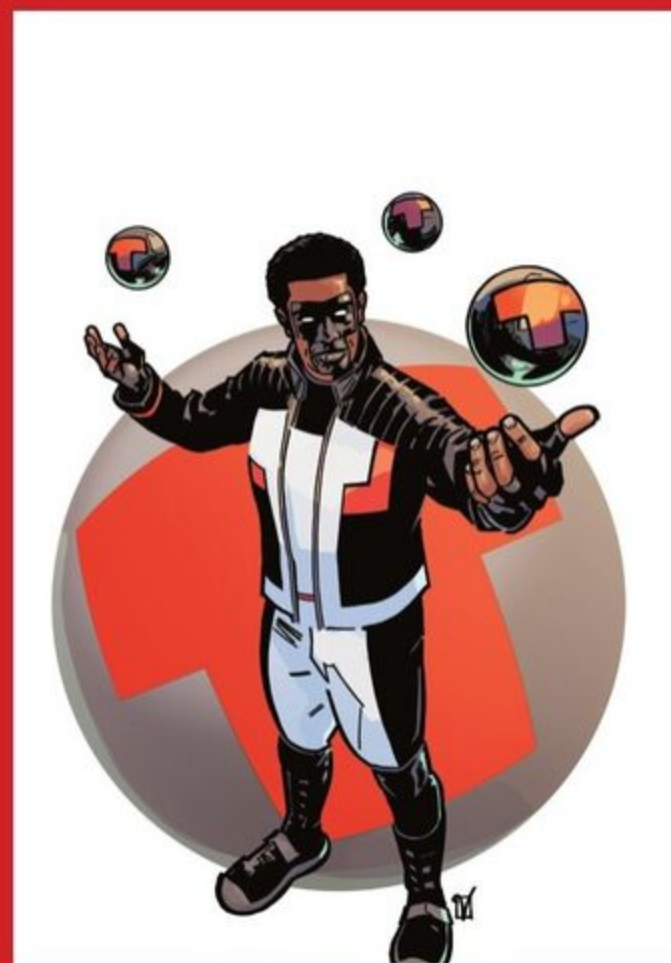
**DON'T MISS
MR. TERRIFIC: YEAR ONE #1,
ON SALE IN MAY!**



Mr. Terrific: Year One #1
variant cover by Mitch Gerads



Mr. Terrific: Year One #1
variant cover by Evan "Doc" Shaner



Mr. Terrific: Year One #1
main cover by Valentine De Landro